

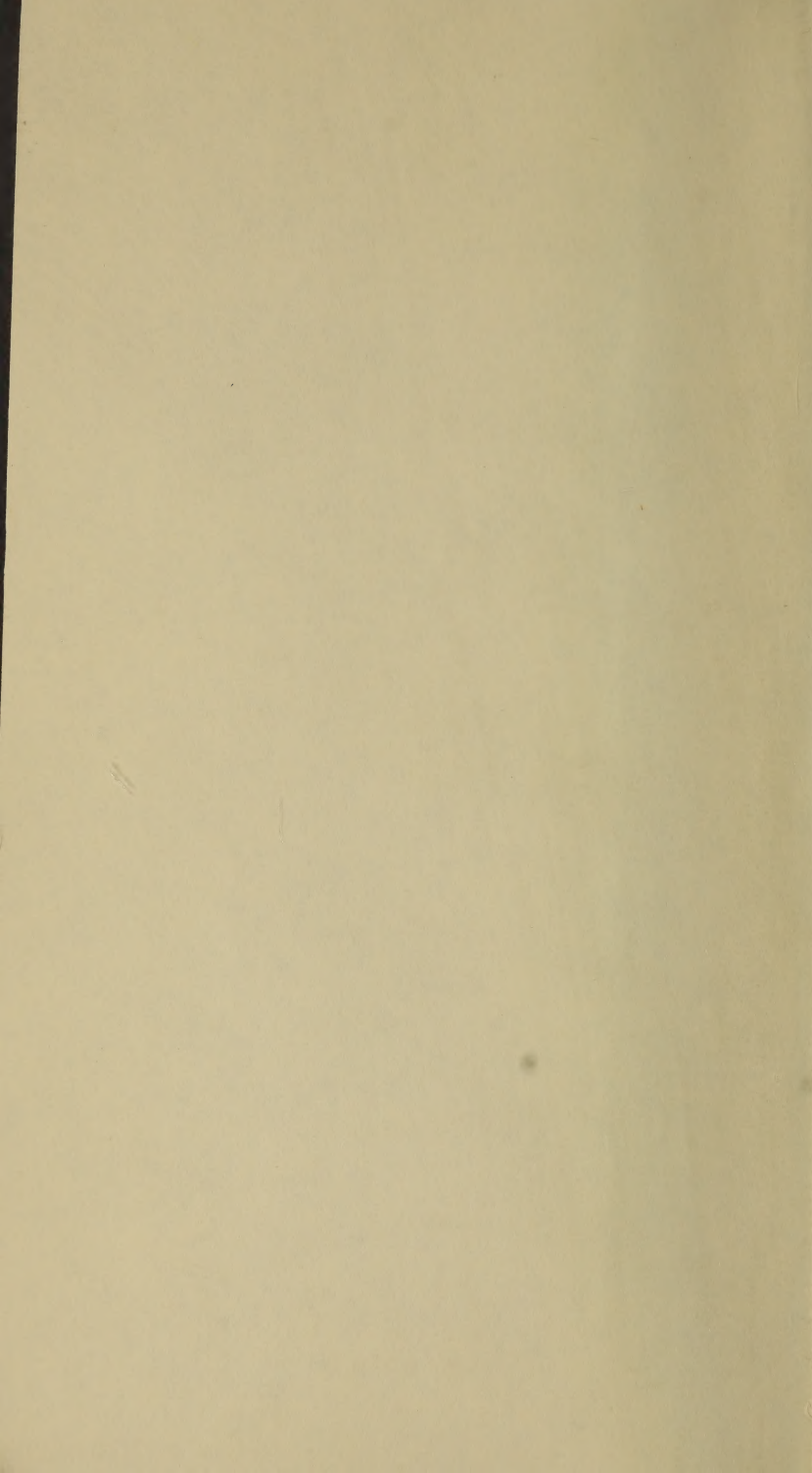
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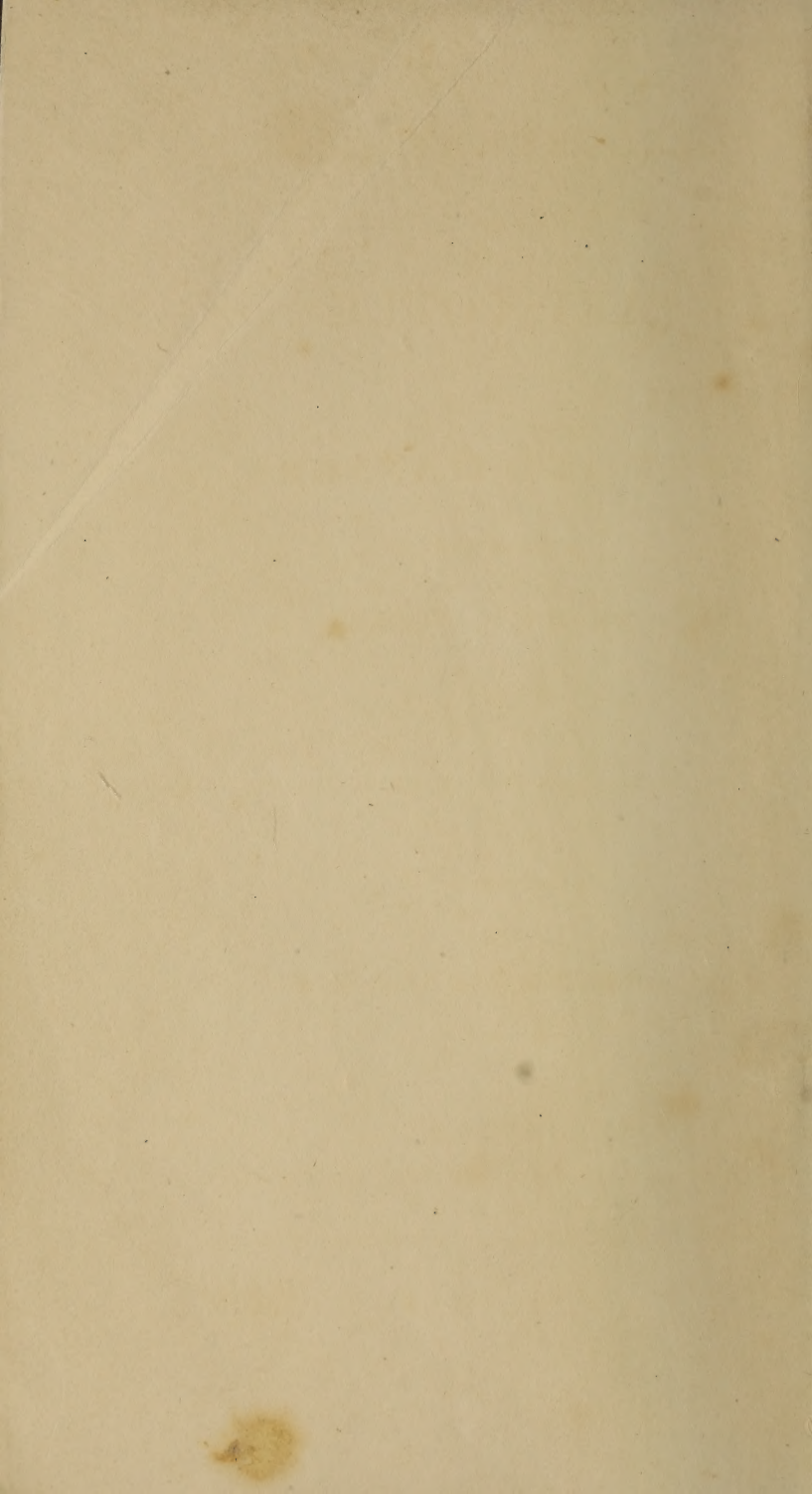
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Aristoteles.
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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
ARISTOTLE
ON
MEN AND MANNERS,
FROM THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SHAKS²PEARE.
' A

BY
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ADVERTISEMENT.

A COMPARISON of the observations made by Aristotle and Shakspeare respectively on the passions, habits, and institutions of mankind, promises, if I mistake not, much that is at once useful and entertaining. The useful part of this undertaking consists, I think, in bringing together the notices of two accurate and independent observers of human nature, and thus confirming each by the other: the entertaining part, in exhibiting the existence of unsought for and undesigned coincidences, and in decorating the terse language of philosophy with the embellishments of poetry. We may thus see in some respects how far Aristotle was a poet, and how far Shakspeare was a philosopher.

It cannot be expected that every sentiment of Aristotle is illustrated in the following pages, or even that every coincidence which exists in the writings of our two great authors has been traced and exhibited. A greater number of illustrations might, undoubtedly, have been collected; but those which are here brought forward appear to be sufficient for the purpose designed, and the book is perhaps as large as is allowable for a work of this nature.

CONTENTS.

MORAL Sense—Anger—Indignation—Hatred—Jealousy—Injury
—Placability—Friendship—Love—Pity—Shame—Fear—Fortitude—High Spirit—Prodigality—Self-Control—The Aged—The Young—Human Society—Force of Habit—Persuasion—General Remarks on Human Nature—Common Places.

MORAL SENSE.

THE illustrations which are classed under this head present us with a striking portraiture of that internal consciousness of right and wrong, which both Aristotle and Shakspeare evidently regarded as a native inmate of the human breast. The well-known passage of Cicero may serve as a commentary on the whole :
“ Sua quemque fraus et suus terror maxime vexat :
“ suum quemque scelus agitat, amentiaque afficit : suæ
“ malæ cogitationes conscientiaëque animi terrent. Hæ
“ sunt impiis assiduæ domesticæque Furiaë.”

CIC. ROSC. AM. 24.

Οἱ μοχθηροὶ—ἐαυτοὺς φεύγουσιν· ἀναμιμνήσκονται
γὰρ πολλῶν καὶ δυσχερῶν, καὶ τοιαῦθ' ἕτερα ἐλπίζουσι,
καθ' ἐαυτοὺς ὄντες Μεταμελείας οἱ φανλοῖ γέμ-
ουσιν.

ETH. IX. 4.

MACB. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one
cried, Murder !

That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them :
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodged together.

MACB. One cried, God bless us ! and, Amen, the other ;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.
 Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
 When they did say, God bless us.

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.

MACB. But wherefore could I not pronounce, Amen?
 I had most need of blessing, and Amen
 Stuck in my throat.

LADY M. These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more !
 Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
 Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast ;——

LADY M. What do you mean ?

MACB. Still it cried, Sleep no more ! to all the house :
 Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more !

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy
 thane,
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brain-sickly of things :—Go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
 They must lie there : go, carry them, and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I'll go no more :
 I am afraid to think what I have done ;
 Look on't again, I dare not.

.
 Whence is that knocking ?
 How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

MACBETH, Act II. Sc. 2.

MACB. Let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy.

MACBETH, Act III. Sc. 2.

KING. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;

My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling: there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when we can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul; that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe:
All may be well. HAMLET, Act III. Sc. 3.

OTHELLO. Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave! Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !

O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?

OTHELLO, Act V. Sc. 2.

Οὐ δὴ φαίνεται ὁ φαῦλος οὐδὲ πρὸς ἑαυτὸν φιλικῶς
διακεῖσθαι, διὰ τὸ μηδὲν ἔχειν φιλητόν. ΕΤΗ. ΙΧ. 4.

Θεώμενοι τὰ οἰκεία φαῦλα πάντες ἀλγοῦσιν.

RHET. II. 2, 21.

K. RICH. Give me another horse,—bind up my
wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ; I did but dream.—

O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :

Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here ? No :—Yes : I am.

Then fly,—what, from myself ? Great reason : why ?

Lest I revenge. What ? Myself on myself ?

I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good

That I myself have done unto myself ?

O, no : alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain ! Yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well.—Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree ;

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;

All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all—guilty ! guilty !
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me ;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me.—
 Nay, wherefore should they ? Since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murdered
 Came to my tent : and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

K. RICHARD III. Act V. Sc. 3.

Οὐδὲ δὴ συγχαίρουσιν, οὐδὲ συναλγοῦσιν οἱ μοχθηροὶ
 ἑαυτοῖς· στασιάζει γὰρ αὐτῶν ἡ ψυχὴ, καὶ τὸ μὲν διὰ
 μοχθηρίαν ἀλγεῖ, ἀπεχόμενόν τινων, τὸ δὲ ἥδεται· καὶ
 τὸ μὲν δεῦρο, τὸ δ' ἐκείσε ἔλκει, ὥσπερ διασπῶντα.

ETH. IX. 4.

ANG. Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would not.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act IV. Sc. 4.

Εἰ δὴ τὸ οὕτως ἔχειν λίαν ἐστὶν ἄθλιον, φευκτέον
 τὴν μοχθηρίαν διατεταμένως, καὶ πειρατέον ἐπιεικῇ
 εἶναι.

ETH. IX. 4.

ANGER.

Ὀργίζονται—αὐτοὶ—ὅταν λυπῶνται.

RHET. II. 2. 9.

CAS. I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRU. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CAS. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

BRU. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CAS. Ha! Portia?

BRU. She is dead.

CAS. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!—

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act IV. Sc. 3.

MENENIUS.

Yet to bite his lip,

And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.

He was not taken well: he had not din'd:

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then

We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive: but when we have stuff'd

These pipes and these conveyances of our blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls

Than in our priest-like fasts.

CORIOLANUS, Act V. Sc. 1.

KENT. O my good master!

[*Kneeling.*]

LEAR. Pry'thee, away.

EDG. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !

KING LEAR, Act V. Sc. 3.

*Ὁργίζεται—ἐὰν τὰναντία τύχη προσδεχόμενος· λυ-
πεῖ γὰρ μᾶλλον τὸ πολὺ παρὰ δόξαν. RHET. II. 2, 11.*

LEAR. You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;
No, I'll not weep :—
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or e'er I'll weep : O, fool, I shall go mad !

KING LEAR, Act II. Sc. 4.

CYMBELINE. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth ; thou heapest
A year's age on me !

IMOGEN. I beseech you, sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation : I
Am senseless of your wrath.

CYMBELINE, Act I. Sc. 2.



Ὅργίζονται—αὐτοὶ ὅταν λυπῶνται—Διὸ κάμνοντες
—διψῶντες, ὀργίλοι εἰςὶ καὶ εὐπαρόρμητοι . . .
Ὅργίζονται—τοῖς κακῶς λέγουσιν, καὶ καταφρονοῦσι,
περὶ ἃ αὐτοὶ μάλιστα σπουδάζουσιν.

RHET. II. 2, 9. 10. 13.

HOT. My liege, I did deny no prisoners :
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shewed like a stubble-land at harvest-home :
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff :—and still he smil'd and talk'd :
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me : among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what :
 He should, or he should not :—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns and drums and wounds (God save the mark !)
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald disjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said.

PART I. K. HENRY IV. Act I. Sc. 3.

Ὅργίζονται τοῖς καταγελῶσι—ὑβρίζουσι γάρ. Καὶ
 τοῖς εἰρωνευομένοις πρὸς σπουδάζοντας· καταφρονητι-
 κὸν γὰρ ἡ εἰρωνεία. Rhet. II. 2, 12. 24.

GLEND. At my nativity,
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
 Of burning cressets ; and, at my birth,
 The frame and huge foundation of the earth
 Shak'd like a coward.

HOT. Why so it would have done
 At the same season, if your mother's cat had
 But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

GLEND. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

HOT. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLEND. The heavens were all on fire—the earth did
tremble.

HOT. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on
fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

.
.

GLEND. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary :
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOT. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.
I will to dinner.

MORT. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

GLEND. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOT. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :
But will they come, when you do call for them ?

GLEND. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,

By telling truth ; tell truth, and shame the devil.—
 If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
 And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
 O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

MORT. Come, Come,
 No more of this unprofitable chat.

PART I. K. HENRY IV. Act III. Sc. 1.

Ὅργίζονται τοῖς τε καταγελῶσι, καὶ χλευάζουσι, καὶ
 σκώπτουσιν· ὑβρίζουσι γάρ. RHE. II. 2. 12.

HELENA. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent
 To set against me, for your merriment.
 If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
 You would not do me thus much injury.
 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
 But you must join, in souls, to mock me too ?
 If you were men, as men you are in show,
 You would not use a gentle lady so ;
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena :
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
 With your derision ! none, of noble sort,
 Would so offend a virgin ; and extort
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM, Act III. Sc. 2.

Ὁργίζονται τοῖς μὴ ἀντιποιούσιν εὖ, μηδὲ τὴν ἴσιν
ἀνταποδιδούσι. RHEΤ. II. 2.

PRO. [*aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come—[*to the spirits*] Well done;—avoid;—
no more.

FER. This is most strange: your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

MIRA. Never 'till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distempered.

PRO. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all.
TEMPEST, Act IV. Sc. 1.

Ὁργίζονται—τοῖς κακῶς λέγουσιν, καὶ καταφρονοῦσι,
περὶ ἃ αὐτοὶ μάλιστα σπουδάζουσιν. RHEΤ. II. 2. 13.

GLEND. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament:
A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOT. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,
 Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree ;
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry :
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

MORT. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

I warrant you, that man is not alive,
 Might so have tempted him as you have done
 Without the taste of danger and reproof ;
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

PART I. K. HENRY IV. Act III. Sc. 1.

Ὅργίζονται—τοῖς φίλοις μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς μὴ φίλοις·
 οἷονται γὰρ προσήκειν μᾶλλον πάσχειν εἰ ὑπ' αὐτῶν, ἢ
 μή.
 RHET. II. 2, 15.

LYSANDER. For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;
 Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
 Are hated most of those they did deceive ;
 So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
 Of all be hated ; but the most of me !

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM, Act II. Sc. 3.

OTHELLO. Look here, Iago :
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :
 'Tis gone.—
 Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught
For 'tis of aspics' tongues. OTHELLO, Act III. Sc. 3.

K. RICH. Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is
Bagot ?

What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

SCR. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. RICH. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemp-
tion,

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas !
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

SCR. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

KING RICH. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Ὀργίζονται—τοῖς φίλοις, ἐάν τε μὴ εὖ λέγωσιν, ἢ
ποιῶσι. RHET. II. 2. 19.

LEAR.

Now, our joy,

Although the last, not least : to whose young love,
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd : what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

COR. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing?

COR. Nothing.

LEAR. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

COR. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

COR. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

LEAR. But goes this with thy heart?

COR. Ay, good my lord.

LEAR. So young, and so untender?

COR. So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR. Let it be so. Thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian
Or he that makes his generations messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd
As thou my sometime daughter.

KING LEAR, Act I. Sc. 1.

Ὁργίζονται—τοῖς εἰθισμένοις τιμᾶν, ἢ φροντίζειν,
ἐὰν πάλιν μὴ οὕτως ὁμιλῶσι. RHET. II. 2. 16.

LEAR. How now? where's that mongrel?

KNIGHT. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR. Why came not the slave back to me when I
call'd him?

KNIGHT. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest man-
ner, he would not.

LEAR. He would not!

KNIGHT. My lord, I know not what the matter is;
but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained
with that ceremonious affection as you were wont:
there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well
in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also,
and your daughter.

LEAR. Ha, sayest thou so?

KNIGHT. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be
mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think
your highness is wronged.

LEAR. Thou but rememberest me of mine own con-
ception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late:
which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous cu-
riosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkind-
ness. I will look further into it.

KING LEAR, Act I. Sc. 4.

Toîs κακὰ ἀγγέλλουσιν ὀργίζονται.

RHET. II. 2. 20.

NORTHUMB. The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office.

PART II. K. HENRY IV. Act I. Sc. 1.

CONST. Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

SAL. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

CONST. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

KING JOHN, Act III. Sc. 1.

QUEEN. Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow !

KING RICHARD II. Act III. Sc. 4.

ROSSE. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe : tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.

MACD. If it be mine
Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

ROSSE. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard. MACBETH, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Enter a Messenger.

MACB. Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESS. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

MACB. Well, say, sir.

MESS. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought
The wood began to move.

MACB. Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*]

MACBETH, Act V. Sc. 5.

MESS. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEO. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*]

MESS. Good madam, patience.

CLEO. What say you?—hence, [*Strikes him again.*]
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

MESS. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

CLEO. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

MESS. He's married, madam.

CLEO. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a*

MESS. Nay then, I'll run:— [*dagger.*]

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

.

Re-enter Messenger.

CLEO. Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : give to a gracious message
A host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act II. Sc. 5.

Ὅργίζονται τοῖς ὀλιγορούσιν.

RHET. II. 3. 3.

SICINIUS.

Forget not

With what contempt he wore the humble weed :
How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

CORIOLANUS, Act II. Sc. 3.

MARCIUS.

Advance, brave Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.

CORIOLANUS, Act I. Sc. 4.

Ὅργίζονται τοῖς τε καταγελῶσι καὶ χλευάζουσι, καὶ
σκώπτουσιν· ὑβρίζουσι γάρ·—ἔτι, ὀργίζεται ἐὰν τὰναν-
τία τύχη προσδεχόμενος.

RHET. II. 2. 12, 11.

OTHELLO. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd
 All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
 I should have found in some part of my soul
 A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
 O ! O !
 Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart ;
 Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in !—turn thy complexion there !
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim ;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell !

OTHELLO, Act IV. Sc. 2.

Ὅργίζονται τοῖς τάναντία ποιούσιν αὐτοῖς, ἐὰν ἦτ-
 τους ᾧσι· καταφρονεῖν γὰρ πάντες οἱ τοιοῦτοι φαίνον-
 ται·—καὶ τοῖς ἢ ἀκούουσι περὶ αὐτῶν, ἢ θεωμένοις τὰ
 αὐτῶν φαῦλα· ὅμοιοι γάρ εἰσιν ἢ ὀλιγωροῦσιν, ἢ ἐχ-
 θροῖς.

RHET. II. 2. 17, 21.

TIMON. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
 I'd be good to thee.

APEM. No, I'll nothing : for,
 If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
 To rail upon thee : and then thou would'st sin the faster,

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly :
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories ?

TIM. Nay,
An you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn not to give regard to you.
Farewell ; and come with better music.

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act I. Sc. 2.

Ἔτι τοῖς ὀλιγοροῦσι πρὸς πέντε, πρὸς οὓς φιλοτι-
μοῦνται, πρὸς οὓς θαυμάζουσιν, ὑφ' ᾧ βούλονται θαυ-
μάζεσθαι, πρὸς οὓς αἰσχύνονται, ἣ ἐν τοῖς αἰσχυνο-
μένοις αὐτούς· ἂν τις ἐν τούτοις ὀλιγορῇ, ὀργίζονται
μᾶλλον.

RHET. II. 2. 22.

SHYLOCK. He rails
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act I. Sc. 3.

Ὀργίζονται—τοῖς εἰς τοιαῦτα ὀλιγοροῦσιν, ὑπὲρ ᾧ
αὐτοῖς αἰσχρὸν μὴ βοηθεῖν· οἷον γονεῖς, τέκνα, γυναῖ-
κας, ἀρχομένους.

RHET. II. 2. 23.

KENT. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king ;
On whose employment I was sent to you :
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice

Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks !
.
.
.
.
.
.

GLO. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't : your purposed low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punished with : the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

CORN. I'll answer that.

REG. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—

KING LEAR, Act II. Sc. 2.

INDIGNATION.

Δεῖ γὰρ ἐπὶ τοῖς ἀναξίως πράττουσι εὖ νεμεσᾶν·
ἄδικον γὰρ τὸ παρὰ τὴν ἀξίαν γιγνόμενον.

RHET. II. 9. 2.

CORN. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse t'unloose: smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

KING LEAR, Act II. Sc. 2.

Ἀνάγκη, τοῖς τὸ αὐτὸ ἔχουσιν ἀγαθὸν, ἐὰν νεωστὶ
ἔχοντες τυγχάνωσι, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο εὐπραγῶσι, μᾶλλον
νεμεσᾶν. Μᾶλλον γὰρ λυποῦσιν οἱ νεωστὶ—ἄρχοντες
καὶ δυνάμενοι—τῶν πάλαι καὶ διὰ γένους.

RHET. II. 9. 9.

Αὐτοὶ δὲ νεμεσητικοί εἰσιν—ἐὰν φιλότιμοι, καὶ ὀρε-
γόμενοι τινων πραγμάτων, καὶ μάλιστα περὶ ταῦτα φι-
λότιμοι ᾧσιν, ᾧν ἕτεροι ἀνάξιοι ὄντες τυγχάνουσι. Καὶ

ὅλως οἱ ἀξιούντες αὐτοὶ αὐτοὺς, ὧν ἑτέροισι μὴ ἀξιούσι,
νεμεσητικοὶ τούτοις, καὶ τούτων.

RHET. II. 9. 14, 15.

Φθονοῦσιν—ὧν ἡ κεκτημένων, ἡ κατορθούντων, ὅν-
ειδος αὐτοῖς. Εἰσὶ δὲ καὶ οὗτοι ἐγγὺς καὶ ὅμοιοι· δῆ-
λον γὰρ, ὅτι παρ' αὐτοὺς οὐ τυγχάνουσι τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ·
ὥστε τοῦτο λυποῦν ποιεῖ τὸν φθόνον.

RHET. II. 10. 8.

CASSIUS. I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, " Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

.
 What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great?

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act I. Sc. 2.

RHET. II. 10. 8.

ACHIL. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATR. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by
 him.

ACHIL. I see, my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act III. Sc. 3.

Τὸ νεμεσᾶν—λυπεῖσθαι ἐπὶ τῷ φαινομένῳ ἀναξίως εὐπραγεῖν. Ἀνάγκη τοῖς τὸ αὐτὸ ἔχουσιν ἀγαθὸν, ἐὰν νεωστὶ ἔχοντες τυγχάνωσι, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο εὐπραγῶσι, μᾶλλον νεμεσᾶν.

RHET. II. 9. 7, 9.

GROOM. O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid ;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd !

K. RICH. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
friend,
How went he under him?

GROOM. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. RICH. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

K. RICHARD II. Act V. Sc. 5.

Νεμεσητικοί εἰσιν,—ἐὰν φιλότιμοι, καὶ ὀρεγόμενοί
τινων πραγμάτων, καὶ μάλιστα περὶ ταῦτα φιλότιμοι
ᾧσιν, ὧν ἕτεροι ἀνάξιοι ὄντες τυγχάνουσι.

RHET. II. 9. 14.

ULYSS. Why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

ACHIL. I do believe it : for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars : neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?
 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act III. Sc. 3.

Οἱ ἀξιούντες αὐτοὶ αὐτοὺς, ὧν ἑτέροισ μὴ ἀξιούσι,
 νεμεσητικοὶ τούτοις, καὶ τούτων. RHET. II. 9. 15.

IAGO. " Certes," says he,
 " I have already chose my officer."
 And what was he ?
 Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;
 That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoric,
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election :
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster ;
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, (God bless the mark !) his Moorship's ancient.
 OTHELLO, Act I. Sc. 1.

HATRED.

Καὶ τὸ μὲν [scil. ἡ ὀργή] λύπης ἔφεσις, τὸ δὲ [μῆ-
σος] κακοῦ. Αἰσθέσθαι γὰρ βούλεται ὁ ὀργιζόμενος·
τῷ δὲ οὐδὲν διαφέρει. RHET. II. 4. 31.

HAM. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying ;
And now I'll do't ; and so he goes to heaven :
And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd :
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him : And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent :
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't :
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven :
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. HAMLET, Act III. Sc. 3.

‘Η μὲν ὀργὴ ἀεὶ περὶ τὰ καθ’ ἕκαστα· τὸ δὲ μῖσος
καὶ πρὸς τὰ γένη—‘Ο μὲν ὀργιζόμενος, πολλῶν ἀν γε-
νομένων, ἐλεήσκειν· ὁ δὲ, οὐδενός.

RHET. II. 4. 31.

TIMON. [*To Alcibiades.*] Here's gold,—go on ;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one ;
Pity not honoured age for his white beard,
He's an usurer : Strike me the counterfeit matron ;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse : Swear against objects ;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers ;
Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself !

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act IV. Sc. 3.

JEALOUSY.

Φθονήσουσι οἱ τοιοῦτοι—οἷς μικροῦ ἐλλείπει τὸ μὴ
πάντα ὑπάρχειν· διὸ οἱ μεγάλα πράττοντες καὶ οἱ εὐτυ-
χοῦντες φθονεροί εἰσιν. RHEΤ. II. 10. 2.

MACB. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor !
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.
MACB. Act I. Sc. 3.

ULYSSES. Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue : If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthwright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost ;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act III. Sc. 3.

Τοῖς ἐγγὺς καὶ χρόνῳ, καὶ τόπῳ, καὶ ἡλικίᾳ, καὶ
δόξῃ, φθονοῦσιν—καὶ τοῖς ἢ ἔχουσι ταῦτα, ἢ κεκτημέ-
νοισι, ἂ αὐτοῖς προσῆκεν, ἢ ἐκέκτηντό ποτε.
RHEΤ. II. 10. 5, 9.

KING. He made confession of you ;

And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you : the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them ; Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.

HAMLET, Act IV. Sc. 7.

TROILUS. Hear why I speak it, love ;
The Grecian youths are full of quality ;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
 flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afeard.

CRESSIDA. O heavens ! you love me not.

TROILUS. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act IV. Sc. 4.

INJURY.

[Ἀδικοῦσι] οἳ τ' ἐναντίοι τοῖς ἐγκλήμασιν—καὶ οἱ
σφόδρα εὐδοκιοῦντες. RHEΤ. I. 12. 5, 16.

ISABEL. Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

ANG. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austere-ness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act II. Sc. 4.

Ἀδικοῦσι—τοὺς ὑπὸ πολλῶν ἀδικηθέντας καὶ μὴ
ἐπεξελεθόντας, ὥς ὄντας κατὰ τὴν παροιμίαν τούτους
Μυσῶν λείαν. RHEΤ. I. 12. 20.

DUCH. In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :

.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

KING RICH. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

Ἄδικοῦσι τοὺς πολλὰ ἡδίκηκότας, ἣ τοιαῦτα, οἷα ἀδικοῦνται· ἐγγὺς γάρ τι δοκεῖ τοῦ μὴ ἀδικεῖν εἶναι, ὅταν τι τοιοῦτον ἀδικηθῇ τις, οἷον εἰώθει καὶ αὐτὸς ἀδικεῖν.

RHET. I. 12. 26.

MACB.

But, in these cases,

We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor : This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.

MACB. Act I. Sc. 7.

Ἄδικοῦσι—οἷς χαριοῦνται ἢ φίλοις, ἢ θαυματομέ-
νοις, ἢ ἐρωμένοις, ἢ κυρλοῖς, ἢ ὅλως πρὸς οὓς ζῶσιν αὐ-
τοί.

RHET. I. 12. 28.

KING. England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense ;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me : 'till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

HAMLET, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Ἄδικοῦσι—οἷς ἀν' ἐγκεκληκότες ὦσι, καὶ προδιακε-

χωρηκότες· καὶ γὰρ τὰ τοιαῦτα ἐγγὺς τοῦ μὴ ἀδικεῖν φαίνεται.
 RHET. I. 12. 29.

HAST. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
 Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
 As our conditions shall consist upon,
 Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

MOWB. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
 That every slight and false-derived cause,
 Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
 Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
 That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
 That, even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
 And good from bad find no partition.

PART II. K. HENRY IV. Act IV. Sc. 1.

WOR. It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The king should keep his word in loving us ;
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults :
 Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes :
 For treason is but trusted like the fox ;
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
 It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;
 And an adopted name of privilege,—
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :

All his offences live upon my head,
 And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

PART I. K. HENRY IV. Act V. Sc. 2.

Ἄδικοῦσι τοὺς μὴ εὐλαβεῖς, μηδὲ φυλακτικούς, ἀλλὰ
 πιστευτικούς. RHET. I. 12. 19.

EDM. A credulous father, and a brother noble,
 Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
 That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty
 My practices ride easy ! I see the business.—
 Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit.

KING LEAR, Act I Sc. 2.

Αὐξησιν λαμβάνει [τὰ ἄδικα] τῷ μᾶλλον πρὸς φί-
 λους εἶναι· οἶον—πατάξαι πατέρα ἢ ὀντιναοῦν ἄλλον.
 ETH. 8. 9.

LEAR. Filial ingratitude !
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to't ?—but I will punish home :—
 No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
 To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure :—
 In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !—
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
 O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
 No more of that.— KING LEAR, Act III. Sc. 4.

[Ἀδίκημα δὲ μείζον] εἰ τοῦτον [ἀδικεῖ] ὑφ' οὗ εἶ
πέπονθε· πλείω γὰρ ἀδικεῖ, ὅτι τε κακῶς ποιεῖ, καὶ ὅτι
οὐκ εἶ.
RHET. I. 14. 6.

K. HENRY.

My lord of Cambridge here,—

You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn—But O !
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
Thou, that did'st bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use ?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.

KING HENRY V. Act II. Sc. 2.

PLACABILITY.

Πρᾶοί εἰσι—τοῖς ὁμολογοῦσι καὶ μεταμελουμένοις—
καὶ τοῖς ταπεινουμένοις πρὸς αὐτούς.

RHET. II. 3. 5, 6.

PRO. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

VAL. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth.

TWO GENT. OF VER. Act V. Sc. 4.

Πρᾶοί εἰσι—τοῖς δεομένοις καὶ παραιτουμένοις.

RHET. II. 3. 8.

BOL. What is the matter with our cousin now?

AUM. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

[*Kneels.*]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

BOL. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

RICH. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

Τοῖς δι' ὀργὴν ποιήσασιν ἢ οὐκ ὀργίζονται, ἢ ἥττον
ὀργίζονται. RHEΤ. II. 3. 11.

CAS. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASS. Do you confess so much? give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CASS. O Brutus!—

BRU. What's the matter?

CASS. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,

Makes me forgetful?

BRU. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,

When you are over earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act IV. Sc. 3.

FRIENDSHIP.

Φιλοῦσι—τοὺς τῶν φίλων φίλους, καὶ φιλοῦντας,
οὓς αὐτοὶ φιλοῦσι. RHEΤ. II. 4. 6.

PRO. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent ;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

DUKE. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

PRO. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

TWO GENT. OF VER. Act III. Sc. 2.

Περὶ δὲ ἔχθρας καὶ τοῦ μισεῖν φανερόν, ὥς ἐκ τῶν
ἐναντίων ἔστι θεωρεῖν. RHEΤ. II. 4. 30.

LEAR. [*To France.*] I would not from your love
make such a stray,
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

.
FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being
poor ;
Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd !
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :

Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
 My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
 Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
 Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :
 Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
 Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :
 Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

LEAR. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again :—Therefore be gone.
 Without our grace, our love, our benison.

KING LEAR, Act I. Sc. 1.



Φιλοῦσι—τοὺς τοῖς αὐτοῖς ἐχθροὺς, καὶ μισοῦντας,
 οὗς αὐτοὶ μισοῦσι. RHEΤ. II. 4. 7.

STEW. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you,
 pardon me.

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

STEW. I'll not be struck, my lord.

KENT. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball
 player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

LEAR. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and
 I'll love thee.

KENT. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differ-
 ences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's
 length again, tarry: but away: go to; have you wis-
 dom? so.

[*Pushes the steward out.*]

LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [Giving Kent money.]

KING LEAR, Act I. Sc. 4.

CORIOLANUS. I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends.

AUFIDIUS. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
“ 'Tis true:” I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest,
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.

CORIOLANUS, Act IV. Sc. 5.

Φιλοῦσι—τοὺς μισουμένους ὑπὸ τῶν ἑαυτοῖς μισου-
μένων.

RHET. II. 4. 7.

HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

PART I. K. HENRY IV. Act I. Sc. 3.

Προσαγορεύουσι ὡς φίλους, τοὺς σύμπλους, καὶ τοὺς
συστρατιώτας· ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ τοὺς ἐν ταῖς ἄλλαις κοι-
νωνίαις.

ETH. VIII. 9.

K. HENRY. We few, we happy few, we band of
brothers ;

For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

K. HENRY V. Act IV. Sc. 3.

Οἱ ἀγαθοὶ, δι' αὐτοὺς φίλοι· ἦ γὰρ ἀγαθοί.

ETH. VIII. 4.

HAM. Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself : for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks : and blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please : give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

HAMLET, Act III. Sc. 2.

Κἂν τῷ ποιοῦντι δὲ ἀσχημοσύνην φέρῃ, καὶ ταύτην
μὴ μικρὰν, ἢ βλάβην· ἢ δ' ἐναντίωσις μικρὰν λύπην,
οὐκ ἀποδέξεται, ἀλλὰ δυσχερανεῖ. ΕἴΗ. IV. 6.

PROTEUS. Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather choose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

TWO GENT. OF VER. Act. III. Sc. 1.

Ἕκαστοι ἐν τούτῳ συνημερεύοντες, ὅ,τι περ μάλιστα
ἀγαπῶσι τῶν ἐν τῷ βίῳ· συζῆν γὰρ βουλόμενοι μετὰ
τῶν φίλων, ταῦτα ποιοῦσι, καὶ τούτων κοινωνοῦσιν, οἷς
οἶονται συζῆν. ΕἴΗ. IX. 12.

HELENA. O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needls created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double-cherry, seeming parted,

But yet a union in partition ;
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM, Act III. Sc. 2.

Οἱ δ' ἀποδεχόμενοι ἀλλήλους, μὴ συζῶντες δὲ, εὖνοις
 εἰκόασι μάλλον, ἢ φίλοις· οὐδὲν γὰρ οὕτως ἐστὶ φίλων
 ὥς τὸ συζῆν.

ETH. VIII. 5.

K. HENRY. How chance, thou art not with the
 prince thy brother ?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;
 Thou hast a better place in his affection,
 Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;
 And noble offices thou mayest effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren :—
 Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love :
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

PART II. K. HENRY IV. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Οὐ ράδιον οὐδενὶ πιστεῦσαι περὶ τοῦ ἐν πολλῷ χρόνῳ
 ὑπ' αὐτῶν δεδοκιμασμένου.

ETH. VIII. 4.

LEAR. What's he, that hath so much thy place mis-
 took
 To set thee here ?

KENT. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

LEAR. No.

KENT. Yes.

LEAR. No, I say.

KENT. I say, yea.

LEAR. No, no ; they would not.

KENT. Yes, they have.

LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

KENT. By Juno, I swear, ay.

LEAR. They durst not do't ;

They could not, would not do't : 'tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage.

KING LEAR, Act II. Sc. 4.

Εἰ δ' ὁ μὲν διαμένοι· ὁ δ' ἐπιεικέστερος γένοιτο, καὶ
πολὺν διαλλάττοι τῇ ἀρετῇ, ἄρα χρηστέον φίλῳ ; ἢ οὐκ
ἐνδέχεται ; Ἄρ' οὖν οὐθὲν ἀλλοιότερον πρὸς
αὐτὸν ἐκτέον, ἢ εἰ μὴ ἐγεγόνει φίλος μηδέποτε ; ἢ δεῖ
μνείαν ἔχειν τῆς γενομένης συνηθείας ; ETH. IX. 3.

FALSTAFF. My king ! My Jove ! I speak to thee,
my heart !

KING. I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers ;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace ;

Leave gormandizing ; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men :—
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was ;
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self ;
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,
 Give you advancement.

PART II. K. HENRY IV. Act V. Sc. 5.

Κατὰ συμβεβηκός τε δὴ αἱ φιλίαι αὐταί εἰσιν· οὐ γὰρ ἦ ἔστιν, ὅς ποτέ ἔστιν ὁ φιλούμενος, ταύτη φιλεῖται, ἀλλ' ἦ πορίζουσιν, οἱ μὲν ἀγαθόν τι, οἱ δ' ἡδονήν· Εὐδιάλυτοι δὴ αἱ τοιαῦταί εἰσι, μὴ διαμενόντων αὐτῶν ὁμοίων.

ETH. VIII. 3.

ULYSSES. The amity| that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act II. Sc. 3.

Οἱ διὰ τὸ χρήσιμον ὄντες φίλοι, ἅμα τῷ συμφέ-

ροντι διαλύονται· οὐ γὰρ ἀλλήλων ἦσαν φίλοι, ἀλλὰ τοῦ λυσιτελοῦς.

ETH. VIII. 4.

TIMON. Go you, Sir, [*To another Servant*] to the Senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant A thousand talents to me.

FLAV. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIM. Is't true? can it be?

FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act II. Sc. 2.

Ἐπ' ὠφελείᾳ χρώμενοι ἀλλήλοις, ἀεὶ τοῦ πλείονος
δέονται, καὶ ἑλαττον ἔχειν οἴονται τοῦ προσήκοντος,
καὶ μέμφονται ὅτι οὐχ ὅσων δέονται, τοσούτων τυγχά-
νουσιν, ἄξιοι ὄντες.

ETH. VIII. 13.

Εὐδιάλυτοι δὴ αἱ τοιαῦται φιλῳαί εἰσι, μὴ διαμενόν.

των αὐτῶν ὁμοίων· ἐὰν γὰρ μηκέτι ἡδέεις ἢ χρήσιμοι
 ᾧσι, παύονται φιλοῦντες· τὸ δὲ χρήσιμον οὐ διαμένει,
 ἀλλ' ἄλλοτε γίγνεται ἄλλο. Ἀπολυθέντος οὖν δι' ὃ
 φίλοι ἦσαν, διαλύεται καὶ ἡ φιλία, ὥς οὔσης τῆς φιλίας
 πρὸς ἐκεῖνα. Εἴη. VIII. 3.

PRO.

Come on;

We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
 Yields us kind answer.

MIRA.

'Tis a villain, Sir,

I do not love to look on.

PRO. But, as 'tis,

We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
 Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
 That profit us.

· · · · ·
 · · · · ·

Enter Caliban.

· · · · ·

CAL.

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
 Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
 give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
 And show'd thee all the qualities of the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
 Curs'd be I that I did so!—All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

.
.

PRO. Abhorred slave ;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known : but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good na-
tures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

CAL. You taught me language ; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse : the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language !

PRO. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

TEMPEST, Act I. Sc. 2.

Ἐπ' ὠφελείᾳ χρώμενοι ἀλλήλοις, ἀεὶ τοῦ πλείονος
δέονται, καὶ ἑλαττον ἔχειν οἴονται τοῦ προσήκοντος,

καὶ μέμφονται ὅτι οὐχ ὅσων δέονται, τοσούτων τυγχάνουσιν, ἄξιοι ὄντες.

ETH. VIII. 13.

Οἱ δυνάμενοι ἀδικεῖν ἀεὶ [φοβεροὶ] τοῖς δυναμένοις ἀδικεῖσθαι· ὥς γὰρ ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺν ἀδικοῦσιν οἱ ἄνθρωποι, ὅταν δύνωνται.

RHET. II. 5. 8.

K. RICH. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear.

RICHARD II. Act V. Sc. 1.

—— οὐ γὰρ ὑπὸ φίλου, οὐδὲ δι' αὐτὸ τοῦτο δρῶντος.
Καθάπερ οὖν ἐπὶ ῥητοῖς ἐνεργῆθηέντα διαλυτέον.

ETH. VIII. 13.

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

HAM. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

OPH. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you
did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord. HAMLET, Act III. Sc. 1.

LOVE.

Ἀρχὴ—τοῦ ἐρᾶν ἡ διὰ τῆς ὀψεως ἡδονή· μὴ γὰρ προησθεὶς τῇ ἰδέᾳ οὐθεὶς ἐρᾷ· ὁ δὲ χαίρων τῷ εἶδει οὐθὲν μᾶλλον ἐρᾷ, ἀλλ' ὅταν καὶ ἀπόντα ποθῇ καὶ τῆς παρουσίας ἐπιθυμῇ.

ETH. IX. 5.

FER. My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o'the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison. TEMPEST, Act I. Sc. 2.

JUL. Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

.

JUL. It is, it is, hie hence, begone, away;
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act III. Sc. 5.

BIANCA. What! keep a week away? seven days and
 nights?
 Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
 More tedious than the dial eight score times?
 O, weary reckoning! OTHELLO, Act III. Sc. 4.

FRI. This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
 ROM. 'Tis torture, and not mercy; heaven is here,
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
 But Romeo may not.—

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act III. Sc. 3.

JUL. A thousand times good night! [Exit.]
 ROM. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.—
 Love goes towards love, as schoolboys from their books;
 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
 [Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter Juliet, above.

JUL. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROM. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

JUL. Romeo !

ROM. My sweet !

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act II. Sc. 2.

Οἱ δ' εὖνοι οὐθὲν μᾶλλον φιλοῦσι· βούλονται γὰρ
μόνον τὰγαθὰ, οἷς εἰσιν εὖνοι· συμπράξαιεν δ' οὐθὲν
ἂν, οὐδ' ὀχληθεῖεν ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν. ΕΤΗ. IX. 5.

FER. There be some sports are painful ; but their
labour

Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious ; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed ;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours ;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

TEMPEST, Act III. Sc. 1.

PITY.

Ἐλεος περὶ τὸν ἀνάξιόν ἐστι δυστυχούντα.

POET. §. 25.

MACB. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye.

MACBETH, Act I. Sc. 7.

Ἐλεοῦσιν—ὅταν ἔχη οὕτως, ὥστ' ἀναμνησθῆναι τοιαῦτα συμβεβηκότα ἢ αὐτῷ, ἢ τῶν αὐτοῦ· ἢ ἐλπίσαι γενέσθαι ἢ αὐτῷ, ἢ τῶν αὐτοῦ. RHET. II. 8. 7.

ARI. Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PRO. Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARI. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

PRO. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

TEMPEST, Act V. Sc. 1.

PARIS. I know what 'tis to love ;
 And would, as I shall pity, I could help !—

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Esc. Alas ! this gentleman
 Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
 Let but your honour know,
 (Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,)
 That, in the working of your own affections,
 Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
 Or that the resolute acting of your blood
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
 Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
 And pull'd the law upon you.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act II. Sc. 1.

CLOWN. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the
 king's jester.

HAM. This ?

[*Takes the skull.*]

CLOWN. E'en that.

HAM. Alas ! poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ;
 a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he
 hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now,
 how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises
 at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know

not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pry'thee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HOR. What's that, my lord?

HAM. Dost thou think Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

HOR. E'en so.

HAM. And smelt so? pah! [*Throws down the skull.*]

HOR. E'en so, my lord.

HAM. To what base uses we may return, Horatio!

HAMLET, Act V. Sc. 1.

GLO. Now, good sir, what are you?

EDG. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity.

KING LEAR, Act IV. Sc. 6.

Ἐλεοῦσιν—οἳ τε πεπονθότες ἤδη, καὶ διαπεφευγότες.

RHET. II. 8. 4.

LEAR. Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the heav'ns more just.

KING LEAR, Act III. Sc. 4.

Ἐλεοῦσιν—οἷς ὑπάρχουσι γονεῖς, ἢ τέκνα, ἢ γυναῖ-
 κες. RHEΤ. II. 8. 5.

Οὐδὲ δὴ εἴ τις ὕβριν περὶ παῖδας καὶ γυναῖκα φοβεῖ-
 ται—δειλός ἐστιν. ETH. III. 6.

ROSSE. Your castle is surprised : your wife, and
 babes,
 Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner,
 Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
 To add the death of you.

MAL. Merciful heaven!—

What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
 Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not speak,
 Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

MACD. My children too ?

ROSSE. Wife, children, servants, all
 That could be found.

MACD. And I must be from thence !
 My wife kill'd too ?

ROSSE. I have said.

MAL. Be comforted :
 Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
 To cure this deadly grief.

MACD. He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?

Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
 What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
 At one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
 I cannot but remember such things were,
 That were most precious to me.

MACBETH, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Ἐλεοῦσι—ἐὰν οἴωνται τινὰς εἶναι τῶν ἐπιεικῶν.

RHET. II. 8. 7.

MIRA.

O, I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
 Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The freighting souls within her.

TEMPEST, Act I. Sc. 2.

—ὁ γὰρ μηδένα ολόμενος, πάντας ολήσεται ἀξίους
 εἶναι κακοῦ.

RHET. II. 8. 7.

TIMON. There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains !
Destruction fang mankind !—

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Μήτε [ἐλεοῦσιν] ἐν ἀνδρείας πάθει ὄντες· οἶον ἐν
ὀργῇ ἢ θάρρει.

RHET. II. 8. 6.

COR. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

CORIOLANUS, Act I. Sc. 9.

COMIN. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome ; and his injury
The jailor to his pity.

CORIOLANUS, Act V. Sc. 1.

Μήτ' αὖ φοβούμενοι σφόδρα· οὐ γὰρ ἐλεοῦσιν οἱ
ἐκπεπληγμένοι διὰ τὸ εἶναι πρὸς τῷ οἰκέῳ πάθει.

RHET. II. 8. 6.

ALB. This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

KING LEAR, Act V. Sc. 3.

Ὅσα τῶν λυπηρῶν καὶ ὀδυνηρῶν φθαρτικὰ, πάντα
ἐλεεινὰ· καὶ ὅσα ἀναιρετικά·—καὶ τὸ, ὅθεν προσῆκεν
ἀγαθόν τι πράξαι, κακόν τι συμβῆναι [ἐλεεινόν.]

RHET. II. 8. 8, 11.

GHOST. Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd :
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;
No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head :
O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

HAMLET, Act I. Sc. 5.

Ὅσα τῶν λυπηρῶν καὶ ὀδυνηρῶν φθαρτικὰ, πάντα
ἐλεεινὰ· ἔστι δὲ ὀδυνηρὰ μὲν καὶ φθαρτικὰ θάνατοι καὶ
αἰκίαι, καὶ σωματῶν κακώσεις, καὶ γῆρας, καὶ νόσοι, καὶ
τροφῆς ἔνδεια.

RHET. II. 8. 8, 9.

COR. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning ? to watch, (poor perdu !)
With this thine helm ? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire ; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.

KING LEAR, Act IV. Sc. 7.

OTHELLO. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth scapes i'the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
 heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,

Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently: I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
 She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

OTHELLO, Act I. Sc. 3.

Τὸ ἢ μηδὲν γεγενῆσθαι ἀγαθόν, ἢ γενομένων μὴ εἶ-
 ναι ἀπόλυσιν—ἐλσεινόν. RHET. II. 8. 11.

HELENA. What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM, Act III. Sc. 2.

Ἐλεεινότερα—καὶ τὰ σημεῖα, καὶ τὰς πράξεις· οἶον,
ἐσθῆτάς τε τῶν πεπονθότων, καὶ ὅσα τοιαῦτα.

RHET. II. 8. 16.

QUEEN. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERT. Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows ascant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

HAMLET, Act IV. Sc. 7.

Καὶ λόγους τῶν ἐν τῷ πάθει ὄντων, οἶον ἤδη τελευ-
τώντων.

RHET. II. 8. 16.

EXE. He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—“Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.”
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. HEN. I blame you not ;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

K. HENRY V. Act IV. Sc. 6.

Μάλιστα τὸ σπουδαίους εἶναι ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις και-
 ροῖς [scil. ἐν τῷ πάθει] ὄντας, ἐλεεινόν.

RHET. II. 8. 16.

YORK. Men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, God save him ;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.

K. RICHARD II. Act V. Sc. 2.

RHET. II. 8. 10, 11, 16.

ANT. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell!

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act III. Sc. 2.

SHAME.

[*Αἰσχροὺν*]*— τὸ μὴ βοηθεῖν δυνάμενον εἰς χρήματα,*
ἢ ἡττον βοηθεῖν. R^{HET.} II. 6. 6.

2 LORD. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIMON. Think not on't, Sir.

2 LORD. If you had sent but two hours before,—

TIMON. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act III. Sc. 6.

Καὶ δαμείζεσθαι, ὅτε δόξει αἰτεῖν.

R^{HET.} II. 6. 7.

LUC. I know, his lordship is but merry with me ;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

SER. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUC. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable ! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour !—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't ; the more beast, I say :—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these

gentlemen can witness ; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship ; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind : And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him ?

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act III. Sc. 2.

[Αἰσχροὺν]--τὸ περὶ αὐτοῦ λέγειν καὶ ἐπαγγέλλεσθαι.

RHET. II. 6. 11.

AGAM. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

ÆNE. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and, Jove's ac-
cord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act I. Sc. 3.

AGAM. Whatever praises itself but in the deed, de-
vours the deed in the praise.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act II. Sc. 3.

Ἀνάγκη, — αἰσχύνεσθαι — ἐπὶ ἐκάστης τῶν τοῦ ἥθους
κακιῶν τὰ ἔργα, καὶ τὰ σημεῖα, καὶ τὰ ὅμοια· αἰσχρὰ
γὰρ καὶ αἰσχυντηλά. RHET. II. 6. 11.

HAM. O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

QUEEN. O Hamlet, speak no more :
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

HAM. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed ;
Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye ;—

QUEEN. O, speak to me no more ;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears :
No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAM. A murderer, and a villain :
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings :—
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !

QUEEN. No more.

HAMLET, Act III. Sc. 4.

*Ἀνάγκη, τούτους αἰσχύνεσθαι, ὧν λόγον ἔχει λόγον
δὲ ἔχει τῶν θαυμαζόντων.* RHEΤ. II. 6. 14.

MACB. We will proceed no further in this business :
He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

MACBETH, Act I. Sc. 7.

FEAR.

Φοβεροὶ—οἱ ἡδίκημένοι, ἢ νομίζοντες ἀδικεῖσθαι· ἀεὶ
γὰρ τηροῦσι καιρόν. RHEΤ. II. 5. 8.

KING. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

HAMLET, Act III. Sc. 3.

Φοβεροὶ—οἱ τῶν αὐτῶν ἀνταγωνισταὶ, ὅσα μὴ ἐνδέ-
χεται ἅμα ὑπάρχειν ἀμφοῖν. RHEΤ. II. 5. 8.

Τῶν ἀντιπάλων [φοβεροὶ] οὐχ οἱ ὀξύθυμοι—ἀλλ'—
οἱ πανοῦργοι. IB. II. 5. 11.

MACB. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd : 'Tis much he
dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he,
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
 My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
 Marc Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

MACBETH, Act III. Sc. 1.

Τῶν ἀντιπάλων [φοβεροὶ] οὐχ οἱ ὀξύθυμοι καὶ παρ-
 ρησιαστικοὶ, ἀλλ' οἱ πρᾶοι καὶ εἴρωνες καὶ πανοῦργοι.

RHET. II. 5. 11.

KING. Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France:
 Feeds on the wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign

In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murd'rous piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death !

HAMLET, Act IV. Sc. 5.

ANTONY. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

CÆSAR. 'Would he were fatter:—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act I. Sc. 2.

Οὔτε [φοβοῦνται] οἱ ἤδη πεπονθέναι πάντα νομίζοντες
τὰ δεινὰ, καὶ ἀπεφυγμένοι πρὸς τὸ μέλλον, ὥσπερ οἱ
ἀποτυμπανιζόμενοι ἤδη.

RHET. II. 5. 14.

2 MURDERER. I am one, my liege,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't. MACB. Act III. Sc. 1.

LEAR. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks ! rage !
blow !

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-clearing thunderbolts,
Singe my white head ! And thou, all shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world.

KING LEAR, Act III. Sc. 2.

KENT. Who's here, besides foul weather ?

GENT. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

KENT. I know you. Where's the king ?

GENT. Contending with the fretful element :

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curved waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair ;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

KING LEAR, Act III. Sc. 1.

APOTHECARY. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law

Is death, to any one that utters them.

ROMEO. Art thou so base, and full of wretchedness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starvet in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act V. Sc. 1.

EDGAR. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :
The lamentable change is from the best ;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace !
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts !

KING LEAR, Act IV. Sc. 1.

FORTITUDE.

Ὁ εὐδαίμων ἀεὶ ἢ μάλιστα πάντων, πράξει καὶ θεωρήσει τὰ κατ' ἀρετὴν, καὶ τὰς τύχας οἴσει κάλλιστα καὶ πάντῃ πάντως ἐμμελῶς ὅγ', ὡς ἀγαθὸς ἀληθῶς καὶ τετράγωνος ἀνευ ψόγου Ἐν τούτοις διαλάμπει τὸ καλὸν, ἐπειδὴν φέρῃ τις εὐκόλως πολλὰς καὶ μεγάλας ἀτυχίας, μὴ δι' ἀναλγησίαν, ἀλλὰ γεννάδας ὦν καὶ μεγαλόψυχος. ETH. I. 10.

AGAM. In fortune's love: for then, the bold and
coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act I. Sc. 3.

CORIOLANUS. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning. CORIOLANUS, Act IV. Sc. 1.

Τὸ φοβερὸν οὐ πᾶσι μὲν τὸ αὐτό· λέγομεν δέ τι καὶ
ὑπὲρ ἄνθρωπον· τοῦτο μὲν οὖν παντὶ φοβερὸν τῷ νοῦν
ἔχοντι. ΕΤΗ. III. 7.

MACB. I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

MACBETH, Act I. Sc. 7.

MACB. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
MACBETH, Act III. Sc. 4.

CASS. For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
 heavens ?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act I. Sc. 3.

KENT. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
 night,
 Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry
 The affliction, nor the fear.

KING LEAR, Act III. Sc. 3.

Δεῖ δ' οὐ δι' ἀνάγκην ἀνδρεῖον εἶναι, ἀλλ' ὅτι καλόν.
 ETH. III. 8.

FAL. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If
 he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in
 his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like
 not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: give me
 life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes un-
 look'd for, and there's an end.

PART I. K. HENRY IV. Act V. Sc. 3.

Ἀνδρεῖος—ὁ περὶ τὸν καλὸν θάνατον ἀδεῆς, καὶ ὅσα
 θάνατον ἐπιφέρει ὑπόγνια ὄντα· τοιαῦτα δὲ μάλιστα τὰ
 κατὰ πόλεμον—Ὁ δὲ τῷ φοβεῖσθαι ὑπερβάλλον, δει-
 λός.—δύσελπις δὴ τις ὁ δειλός· πάντα γὰρ φοβεῖται.
 ETH. III. 6. 7.

FAL. I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

Well, tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on; how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o'Wednesday.—Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

PART I. K. HENRY IV. Act V. Sc. 2.

‘Ο μὲν θάνατος καὶ τὰ τραύματα λυπηρὰ τῷ ἀνδρείῳ
καὶ ἄκοντι ἔσται· ὑπομενεῖ δὲ αὐτὰ, ὅτι καλὸν, ἢ ὅτι
αἰσχρὸν, τὸ μή.
ETH. III. 9.

HECTOR. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act V. Sc. 3.

Ἀνδρεῖοι δὲ φαίνονται καὶ οἱ ἀγνοοῦντες, καί εἰσιν οὐ
πόρρω τῶν εὐελπίδων· χείρους δ' ὅσῳ ἀξίωμα οὐδὲν

ἔχουσιν· ἐκεῖνοι δέ· διὸ καὶ μένουσί τινα χρόνον· οἱ δ' ἡπατημένοι, ἐὰν γνῶσιν ὅτι ἕτερον ἢ ὑποπτεύσωσι, φεύγουσιν.

ΕΤΗ. III. 8.

BARD. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach! to the breach!

NYM. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

PIST. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

BOY. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

PIST. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

BOY. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

KING HENRY V. Act III. Sc. 2.

Ὁ ἀλαζὼν—προσποιητικὸς τῶν ἐνδόξων, καὶ μὴ ὑπαρχόντων, καὶ μειζόνων ἢ ὑπάρχει Οἱ δόξης χάριν ἀλαζονενομένοι, τὰ τοιαῦτα προσποιῶνται, ἐφ' οἷς ἔπαινος ἢ εὐδαιμονισμός.

ΕΤΗ. IV. 7.

P. HEN. What's the matter?

FAL. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. HEN. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

FAL. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. HEN. What, a hundred, man?

FAL. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. HEN. Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADS. We four set upon some dozen,——

FAL. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GADS. And bound them.

PETO. No, no, they were not bound.

FAL. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADS. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.—

FAL. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. HEN. What, fought ye with them all?

FAL. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

POINS. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. HEN. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

FAL. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS. Ay, ay, he said four.

FAL. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. HEN. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

FAL. In buckram.

POINS. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. HEN. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FAL. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. HEN. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FAL. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

P. HEN. So, two more already.

FAL. Their points being broken,—

POINS. Down fell their hose.

FAL. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. HEN. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

.

POINS. Mark, Jack.

P. HEN. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.

PART I. K. HENRY IV. Act II. Sc. 4.

HIGH SPIRIT.

Οὐκ ἔστι [ὁ μεγαλόψυχος] μικροκίνδυνος οὐδὲ φιλοκίνδυνος, διὰ τὸ ὀλίγα τιμᾶν· μεγαλοκίνδυνος δὲ, καὶ ὅταν κινδυνεύῃ, ἀφειδῆς τοῦ βίου, ὥς οὐκ ἄξιον ὂν πάντως ζῆν.

ΕΤΗ. IV. 3.

K. HEN. What's he, that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin :
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold :
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

K. HENRY V. Act IV. Sc. 3.

MAR. So now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gate, and is shut in.*]

1 SOL. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 SOL. Nor I.

3 SOL. See, they

Have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

ALL. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

LART. What is become of Marcius?

ALL. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 SOL. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

LART. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up!

CORIOLANUS, Act I. Sc. 4.

Μεγαλοψύχου καὶ τὸ μηθενὸς δεῖσθαι, ἢ μόγῃς.

ETH. IV. 4.

MEN. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

COR. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them

For my wound's sake, to give their suffrage: please
 you,
 That I may pass this doing.

CORIOLANUS, Act II. Sc. 2.

Καὶ εἰς τὰ ἔντιμα μὴ ἰέναι, ἢ οὐ πρωτεύουσιν ἄλλοι.

ETH. IV. 3.

BRUTUS. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i'the market place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility;
 Nor shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

SIC. 'Tis right.

BRU. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
 Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
 And the desire of the nobles.

CORIOLANUS, Act II. Sc. 1.

[Μεγαλοψύχου]—μέλειν τῆς ἀληθείας μᾶλλον ἢ τῆς
 δόξης.

ETH. IV. 3.

CORIOLANUS. Well, I must do't:
 Away, my disposition, and possess me
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
 Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
 Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys tears take up

The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue,
 Make motions through my lips ; and my arm'd knees,
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
 That hath received an alms !—I will not do it :
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind
 A most inherent baseness.

CORIOLANUS, Act III. Sc. 2.

[Μεγαλοψύχου]—λέγειν καὶ πράττειν φανερώς·
 καταφρονητικοῦ γάρ· διὸ παρρησιαστικός.

ETH. IV. 3.

CÆSAR. And you are come in very happy time,
 To bear my greeting to the senators,
 And tell them that I will not come to day :
 Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
 I will not come to day : tell them so, Decius.

CAL. Say he is sick.

CÆS. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afeard to tell gray-beards the truth ?
 Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act II. Sc. 2.

Οὐδ' αὖ ἐπαινετικός ἐστι.

ETH. IV. 3.

VOLUM. (*To Coriolanus.*) I know, thou hadst rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower.

CORIOLANUS, Act III. Sc. 2.

MEN. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth :
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

CORIOLANUS, Act III. Sc. 1.

Οὐδὲ μνησίκακος· οὐ γὰρ μεγαλοψύχου τὸ ἀπομνη-
μονεύειν, ἄλλως τε καὶ κακά· ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον παρορᾶν.

ETH. IV. 3.

VOLUM. Why dost not speak ?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ?

CORIOLANUS, Act V. Sc. 3.

Οὔτε ἵνα ἐπαινῇται μέλει αὐτῷ. ETH. IV. 3.

MEN. Nay, keep your place.
[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*]

I SEN. Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

COR. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

BRU. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

COR. No, sir ; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : but, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

MEN. Pray now, sit down.

COR. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*]

CORIOLANUS, Act II. Sc. 2.

MARCIUS. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall
I'the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing : when steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars ! No more, I say ;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical :
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

CORIOLANUS, Act I. Sc. 9.

Ὁ μεγαλόψυχος—οἷος κεκτῆσθαι μᾶλλον τὰ καλὰ καὶ ἄκαρπα τῶν καρπίμων καὶ ὠφελίμων· αὐτάρκους γὰρ μᾶλλον.

ΕΤΗ. IV. 3.

COMIN. Our spoils he kick'd at ;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world : he covets less
Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

MEN. He's right noble.

CORIO LANUS, Act II. Sc. 2.

PRODIGALITY.

Ἐλευθέριός ἐστιν ὁ κατὰ τὴν οὐσίαν δαπανῶν, καὶ εἰς ἃ δεῖ· ὁ δὲ ὑπερβάλλον, ἄσωτος. ΕΤΗ. IV. 1.

FLAV. (*Aside.*) What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good ;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word ; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out !

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act I. Sc. 2.

Οἱ πολλοὶ τῶν ἀσώτων—ληπτικοὶ γίνονται, διὰ τὸ βούλεσθαι μὲν ἀναλίσκειν, εὐχερῶς δὲ τοῦτο ποιεῖν μὴ δύνασθαι· ταχὺ γὰρ ἐπιλείπει αὐτοὺς τὰ ὑπάρχοντα. Ἀναγκάζονται οὖν ἐτέρωθεν πορίζειν· ἅμα δὲ καὶ διὰ τὸ μὴ τὸ καλοῦ φροντίζειν, ὀλιγώρως καὶ πάντοθεν λαμβάνουσι· διδόναι γὰρ ἐπιθυμοῦσι· τὸ δὲ πῶς, ἢ πόθεν, οὐθὲν αὐτοῖς διαφέρει. ΕΤΗ. IV. 1.

TIT. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

HOR. Most true, he does.

TIT. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act III. Sc. 3.

Οὐ ράδιον μηδαμόθεν λαμβάνοντα, πᾶσι διδόναι· τα-
χέως γὰρ ἐπιλείπει ἡ οὐσία τοὺς διδόντας ἰδιώτας.

ETH. IV. 1.

LUC. SER. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with
him :

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet

Find little. TIMON OF ATHENS, Act III. Sc. 4.

Διόπερ οὐδὲ ἐλευθέριοι αἱ δόσεις αὐτῶν εἰσιν· οὐ
γὰρ καλαί, οὐδὲ τούτου αὐτοῦ ἕνεκα, οὐδὲ ὥς δεῖ· ἀλλ'
ἐνίοτε οὐς δεῖ πένεσθαι, τούτους πλουσίους ποιοῦσι, καὶ
τοῖς μὲν μετρίοις τὰ ἥθη, οὐδὲν ἂν δοῖεν, τοῖς δὲ κό-
λαξιν, ἢ τινα ἄλλην ἡδονὴν πορίζουσι, πολλά.

ETH. IV. 1.

SEN. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold ; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
 And able horses. No porter at his gate ;
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason
 Can found his state in safety.

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act II. Sc. 1.

Οὐ γὰρ μοχθηροῦ, οὐδὲ ἀγεννοῦς, τὸ ὑπερβάλλειν
 διδόντα καὶ μὴ λαμβάνοντα ἡλιθίου δέ.

ETH. IV. 1.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further :
 No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act II. Sc. 2.

SELF-CONTROL.

‘Ο ἐγκρατῆς [τοιούτος] οἷος ἦδεσθαι [παρὰ τὸν λόγον] ἀλλὰ μὴ ἄγεσθαι. ΕΤΗ. VII. 9.

LADY MACB. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would?

MACB. Act I. Sc. 7.

“Ὡσπερ οὐδ’ ἀφέντι λίθον, ἔτι αὐτὸν δυνατὸν ἀναλαβεῖν· ἀλλ’ ὅμως ἐπ’ αὐτῷ τὸ βαλεῖν καὶ ρίψαι· ἡ γὰρ ἀρχὴ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ· οὕτω δὲ καὶ τῷ ἀδίκῳ καὶ τῷ ἀκολάστῳ ἐξ ἀρχῆς μὲν ἐξῆν τοιούτοις μὴ γενέσθαι· διὸ ἐκόντες εἰσὶ γενομένοις δὲ οὐκέτι ἔξεστι μὴ εἶναι.

ΕΤΗ. III. 5.

K. HEN. What rein doth hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

KING HENRY V. Act III. Sc. 4.

Εἰ πάσῃ δόξῃ ἐμμενετικὸν ποιεῖ ἡ ἐγκράτεια, φαύλη,

οἶον εἰ καὶ τῇ ψευδεῖ· καὶ εἰ πάσης δόξης ἡ ἀκρασία
ἐκστατικόν, ἔσται τις σπουδαία ἀκρασία.

ETH. VII. 2.

PAND. The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again ; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures ; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

KING JOHN, Act III. Sc. 1.

Οἱ δὲ περὶ ταῦτα [χρήματα, κ. τ. λ.] πλεονέκται χα-
ρίζονται ταῖς ἐπιθυμίαις, καὶ ὅλως τοῖς πάθεσι, καὶ τῷ
ἀλόγῳ τῆς ψυχῆς.

ETH. IX. 8.

K. HEN. How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object !

PART II. K. HENRY IV. Act IV. Sc. 4.

TIMON. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed !
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam ;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave :
To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act V. Sc. 1.

Ἀληθὲς δὲ τὸ περὶ τοῦ σπουδαίου, καὶ τὸ τῶν φίλων

ἐνεκα πολλὰ πράττειν καὶ τῆς πατρίδος, καὶ δέη ὑπερ-
 αποθνήσκειν· προήσεται γὰρ καὶ χρήματα, καὶ τιμὰς,
 καὶ ὅλως τὰ περιμάχητα ἀγαθὰ, περιποιούμενος ἑαυτῷ
 τὸ καλόν. ETH. IX. 8.

ISABEL. O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake
 Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
 The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.

CLAUD. Why give you me this shame ?
 Think you I can a resolution fetch
 From flowery tenderness ? If I must die,
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,
 And hug it in mine arms.

ISABEL. There spake my brother ; there my father's
 grave
 Did utter forth a voice ! Yes, thou must die :
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliances.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act III. Sc. 1.

‘ Ἀφῆ καὶ γεῦσις—ὧν καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ ζῶα κοινωνεῖ· ὅθεν
 ἀνδραπαδῶδεις καὶ θηριῶδεις φαίνονται. ETH. III. 10.

Τὸ οἰκεῖον ἐκάστω τῇ φύσει, κράτιστον καὶ ἥδιστόν
 ἐστ’ ἐκάστω· καὶ τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ δὴ ὁ κατὰ τὸν νοῦν βίος,
 εἴπερ μάλιστα τοῦτο ἀνθρώπος. ETH. X. 7.

HAM.

What is a man,

If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fast in us unus'd. HAMLET, Act IV. Sc. 4.



Πρὸς μὲν τὸ μέσον ἐνίοις ἄκροις ὁμοιότης τις φαίνεται, ὡς τῇ θρασύτητι πρὸς τὴν ἀνδρίαν, καὶ τῇ ἀσωτίᾳ πρὸς τὴν ἐλευθεριότητα. ΕἴΗ. II. 8.

TRI. Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act II. Sc. 3.

THE AGED.

Οἱ πρεσβύτεροι—δειλοὶ καὶ πάντα προφοβητικοί.

RHET. II. 13. 7.

POLONIUS. It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. HAMLET, Act II. Sc. 1.

Οἱ θυμοὶ [τῶν πρεσβυτέρων] ὀξεῖς μὲν εἰσιν, ἀσθενεῖς δέ.
RHET. II. 13. 12.

GON. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

REG. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long engrafted condition, but therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

KING LEAR, Act I. Sc. 1.

Οἱ πρεσβύτεροι—ζῶσι τῇ μνήμῃ μᾶλλον, ἢ τῇ ἐλπίδι.—διατελοῦσι τὰ γενόμενα λέγοντες· ἀναμνησκόμενοι γὰρ ἡδονται.

RHET. II. 13. 12.

HECTOR. Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

NEST. I would my arms could match thee in contention.

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

HECT. I would they could.

NEST. Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time.—

ULYS. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act IV. Sc. 5.

THE YOUNG.

Οἱ νέοι—θυμικοὶ, καὶ ὀξύθυμοι, καὶ οἱοὶ ἀκολουθεῖν
τῇ ὁρμῇ. RHET. II. 12. 4.

BEN. I pray you, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MER. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword
upon the table, and says, " God send me no need of
" thee !" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws
it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

BEN. Am I like such a fellow ?
· · · · ·

MER. Nay, an there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou !
why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair
more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou
wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no
other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes ; what
eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel ?
Thine head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of
meat.

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act III. Sc. 1.

Οἱ νέοι—πάντας χρηστοὺς καὶ βελτίους ὑπολαμβάνουσιν· τῇ γὰρ αὐτῶν ἀκακία τοὺς πέλας μετροῦσιν.

RHET. II. 12. 15.

DESD. O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMIL. There be some such, no question.

DESD. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for
the whole world!

I do not think there is any such woman.

OTHELLO, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Οἱ νέοι—εὐέλπιδες· ὥσπερ γὰρ οἱ οἰνωμένοι, οὕτω
διάθερμοί εἰσιν οἱ νέοι ὑπὸ τῆς φύσεως· ἅμα δὲ καὶ διὰ
τὸ μήπω πολλὰ ἀποτετυχηκέναι. Καὶ ζῶσι τὰ πλεῖστα
ἐλπίδι.

RHET. II. 12. 8.

L. MACD. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON. As birds do, mother.

L. MACD. What, with worms and flies?

SON. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. MACD. Poor bird! thoud'st never fear the net, nor
lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

SON. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. MACD. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a father ?

SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. MACD. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. MACD. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

SON. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. MACD. Ay, that he was.

SON. What is a traitor ?

L. MACD. Why, one that swears and lies.

SON. And be all traitors, that do so ?

L. MACD. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

SON. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie ?

L. MACD. Every one.

SON. Who must hang them ?

L. MACD. Why, the honest men.

SON. Then the liars and swearers are fools : for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. MACD. Now, God help thee, poor monkey ! But how wilt thou do for a father ?

SON. If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. MACD. Poor prattler ! how thou talk'st.

MACBETH, Act IV. Sc. 2.

VOLUMNIA. Thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread,

(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

VIR. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

BOY. He shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

CORIOLANUS, Act V. Sc. 3.

Ἐρωτικοὶ οἱ νέοι· κατὰ πάθος γὰρ καὶ δι' ἡδονὴν τὸ
πολὺ τῆς ἐρωτικῆς. Διόπερ φιλοῦσι, καὶ ταχέως παύον-
ται, πολλάκις τῆς αὐτῆς ἡμέρας μεταπίπτουντες.

ETH. VIII. 3.

FRIAR. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act II. Sc. 6.

HUMAN SOCIETY.

Οὐ γὰρ ἐκ δύο ἰατρῶν γίνεται κοινωνία, ἀλλ' ἐξ ἰα-
τροῦ καὶ γεωργοῦ, καὶ ὅλως ἐτέρων, καὶ οὐκ ἴσων· ἀλλὰ
τούτους δεῖ ἰσασθῆναι. ΕΤΗ. V. 5.

Exc. While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home :
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent ;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

CANT. True : therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey-bees ;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts :
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

KING HENRY V. Act. I. Sc. 2.

Ὅταν ἑκάτερος ἑαυτὸν βούληται [ἄρχειν]—στασιάζουσιν—Ἐαυτῷ ἕκαστος βουλόμενος ταῦτα, τὸν πέλας ἐξετάζει καὶ κωλύει· μὴ γὰρ τηρούντων, τὸ κοινὸν ἀπόλυνται. Συμβαίνει οὖν αὐτοῖς στασιάζειν, ἀλλήλους μὲν ἐπαναγκάζοντας· αὐτοὺς δὲ μὴ βουλομένους τὰ δίκαια ποιεῖν.

ETH. IX. 6.

ULYS. Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy : The bounded waters
 Should lift up their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe :
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead :
 Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong,
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite ;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act I. Sc. 3.

Τὸ σωφρόνως ζῆν καὶ καρτερικῶς, οὐχ ἡδὺ τοῖς πολλοῖς, ἄλλως τε καὶ νέοις. Διὸ νόμοις δεῖ τετάχθαι τὴν τροφήν καὶ τὰ ἐπιτηδεύματα· οὐκ ἔσται γὰρ λυπηρὰ συνήθη γενόμενα. . . . Καὶ περὶ ταῦτα δεοίμεθ' ἂν νόμων, καὶ ὅλως δὴ περὶ πάντα τὸν βίον· οἱ γὰρ πολλοὶ ἀνάγκη μᾶλλον ἢ λόγῳ πειθαρχοῦσι, καὶ ζημίαις, ἢ τῷ καλῷ.

ΕΤΗ. X. 9.

HECTOR. If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection ;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same ;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act II. Sc. 2.

Οἱ πολλοὶ ἀνάγκη μᾶλλον ἢ λόγῳ πειθαρχοῦσι, καὶ ζημίαις, ἢ τῷ καλῷ. Διόπερ οἴονται τινες τοὺς νομοθετοῦντας δεῖν—ἀπειθοῦσι καὶ ἀφυστέροις οὔσι, κολάσεις τε καὶ τιμωρίας ἐπιτιθέναι, τοὺς δ' ἀνιάτους ὅλως ἐξορίζειν.

ΕΤΗ. X. 9.

DUKE. As fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use ; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd : so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act I. Sc. 4.

Ἐν ἀπάσαις τὰ τῶν ἀρχιτεκτονικῶν τέλη πάντων
ἐστὶν αἰρετώτερα τῶν ὑφ' αὐτά· τούτων γὰρ χάριν
κἀκεῖνα διώκεται. ETH. I. 1.

ULYS. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
ForeSTALL prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine ;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act I. Sc. 3.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Τὸ ἐθισμένον ὥσπερ πεφυκὸς ἤδη γίγνεται.

RHET. I. 11. 3.

HAM. Use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.

HAMLET, Act III. Sc. 4.

Πολλὰ—καὶ τῶν φύσει μὴ ἡδέων, ὅταν ἐθισθῶσιν,
ἡδέως ποιοῦσιν.

RHET. I. 10. 18.

VAL. How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

TWO GENT. OF VER. Act V. Sc. 4.

HAM. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he
sings at grave-making.

HOR. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAM. 'Tis e'en so : the hand of little employment
hath the daintier sense.

HAMLET, Act V. Sc. 1.

PERSUASION.

Τοῖς ἐπεικέσι πιστεύομεν μᾶλλον καὶ θᾶπτον.

RHET. I. 2, 4.

IAGO. My Lord, you know I love you.

ΟΤΗ. I think thou dost ;

And—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
For such things in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

OTHELLO, Act III. Sc. 3.

Τοῖς ἐπεικέσι πιστεύομεν μᾶλλον καὶ θᾶπτον*—δεῖ
δὲ καὶ τοῦτο συμβαίνειν διὰ τὸν λόγον, ἀλλὰ μὴ διὰ τὸ
προδεδοξάσθαι ποῖόν τινα εἶναι τὸν λέγοντα.

RHET. I. 2. 4.

ANT. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,
I am no orator, as Brutus is :
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to mutiny.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act III. Sc. 2.



Πιθανώτατοι ἀπὸ τῆς αὐτῆς φύσεως οἱ ἐν τοῖς πάθ-
εσιν εἰσι, καὶ χειμαίνει ὁ χειμαζόμενος, καὶ χαλεπαίνει
ὁ ὀργιζόμενος ἀληθινώτατα. POET. §. 30.

BOTTOM. What is Pyramus ? a lover, or a tyrant ?

QUINCE. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for
love.

BOTTOM. That will ask some tears in the true per-
forming of it : If

I do it, let the audience look to their eyes ; I will
move

Storms, I will condole in some measure.

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM, Act I. Sc. 2.

GENERAL REMARKS ON HUMAN NATURE.

Ἄρετή δὲ ἐστὶ—δύναμις ἐνεργητική.

RHET. I. 9. 4.

Ἔστι ἀγαθοῦ καὶ τῆς ἀρετῆς τὸ ἐνεργεῖν.

ETH. IX. 9.

DUKE. Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do ;
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues : nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act I. Sc. 2.

Τὸ ἐπιεικὲς, δικαίου τινὸς ὄν, βέλτιόν ἐστι δίκαιον.

ETH. 5. 10.

PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods,
 When mercy seasons justice.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act IV. Sc. 1.

Καὶ τὸ μὴ πρὸς τὴν πρᾶξιν, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τὴν προαί-
 ρεσιν σκοπεῖν, ἐπιεικές. RHE. I. 13. 17.

HIPPOL. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

THESEUS. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
 nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
 And what poor duty cannot do,
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;
 And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM, Act V. Sc. 1.

K. HEN. Give me thy glove, soldier ; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike ; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLU. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. HEN. How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

WILL. All offences, my liege, come from the heart : never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. HEN. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILL. Your majesty came not like yourself : you appeared to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness ; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine : for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

KING HENRY V. Act IV. Sc. 8.

Φίλαντος μάλιστ' ἂν εἴη [ὁ ἐπικεικὴς], καθ' ἕτερον εἶδος τοῦ ὀνειδιζομένου, καὶ διαφέρων τοσοῦτον, ὅσον τὸ κατὰ λόγον ζῆν, τοῦ κατὰ πάθος, καὶ ὀρέγεσθαι ἢ τοῦ καλοῦ, ἢ τοῦ δοκοῦντος συμφέρειν.

ETH. IX. 8.

DAU. Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

KING HENRY V. Act II. Sc. 4.

Τῷ μὲν ἐπιθυμοῦντι καὶ εὐέλπιδι, ἐὰν ᾗ τὸ ἐσόμενον
ἡδὺν, καὶ ἔσεσθαι, καὶ ἀγαθὸν ἔσεσθαι φαίνεται.

RHET. II. 1. 4.

THESEUS. Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM, Act V. Sc. 1.

Οὐ γὰρ ταῦτ' αἰσθάνεται φιλοῦσι καὶ μισοῦσιν, οὐδ'
ὀργιζομένοις καὶ πρῶως ἔχουσιν· ἀλλ' ἢ τὸ παράπαν
ἕτερα, ἢ κατὰ μέγεθος ἕτερα.

RHET. II. 1. 4.

HECTOR. Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act II. Sc. 2.

Αἱ μητέρες φιλοτεκνότεραι· ἐπιπονωτέρα γὰρ ἡ γέν-
νησις, καὶ μᾶλλον ἴσασιν ὅτι αὐτῶν.

ETH. IX. 7.

YORK. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

DUCH. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd :

Hence, villain ; never more come in my sight.— [*To*

YORK. Give me my boots, I say. *servant.*]

DUCH. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

YORK. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

DUCH. He shall be none ;

We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

YORK. Away,

Fond woman ! were he twenty times my son,

I would appeach him.

DUCH. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son :

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

KING RICHARD II. Act V. Sc. 3.

Ὅπερ καὶ ἐπὶ τῶν τεχνητῶν συμβέβηκε· πᾶς γὰρ τὸ οἰκεῖον ἔργον ἀγαπᾷ μᾶλλον, ἢ ἀγαπηθείη ἂν ὑπὸ τοῦ ἔργου, ἐμψύχον γενομένου. Μάλιστα δ' ἴσως τοῦτο περὶ τοὺς ποιητὰς συμβαίνει· ὑπεραγαπῶσι γὰρ οὗτοι τὰ οἰκεῖα ποιήματα στέργοντες ὥσπερ τέκνα.

ETH. IX. 7.

POET. What have you there?

PAINTER. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book forth?

POET. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

PAIN. 'Tis a good piece.

POET. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

PAIN. Indifferent.

POET. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

PAIN. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

POET. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act I. Sc. 1.

Ἔοικε ἐκ τούτων, εἰ καὶ διῴκνείται πρὸς τοὺς κεκμη-
κότας ὅτιοῦν, εἴτε ἀγαθὸν, εἴτε τοῦναντίον, ἀφαιρὸν τι
καὶ μικρὸν, ἢ ἀπλῶς, ἢ ἐκείνοις εἶναι· εἰ δὲ μὴ, τοσοῦτόν

γε καὶ τοιοῦτον, ὥστε μὴ ποιεῖν εὐδαίμονας τοὺς μὴ ὄντας,
μηδὲ τοὺς ὄντας μακαρίους ἀφαιρεῖσθαι τὸ μακάριον.

ETH. I. 11.

MACBETH. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further !

MACBETH, Act III. Sc. 2.

Τῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἕκαστοι βουλευόνται περὶ τῶν δι'
αὐτῶν πρακτῶν.

Καὶ μὲν ἀδυνάτῳ ἐντύχουσιν, ἀφίστανται.

ETH. III. 3.

BARD. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And, when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation ;
Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,

We fortify in paper, and in figures,
 Using the names of men, instead of men :
 Like one, that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

PART II. K. HENRY IV. Act I. Sc. 3.

Πάντες, ὅταν ὑπάρχη τι, πρὸς τοῦτο σωρεύειν εἰώ-
 θασιν. RHEΤ. II. 15. 2.

HOT. My father gave him welcome to the shore :
 And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery, and beg his peace ;
 With terms of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less came in with cap and knee ;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs ; as pages followed him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg ;

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth :
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

PART I. K. HENRY IV. Act IV. Sc. 3.

Ὅμοιον τῷ μηθὲν γίγνεσθαι, ὅταν οὐ ἐφίεται μὴ
 τυγχάνη. ETH. IX. 1.

HELENA. How happy some, o'er other some can be !
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so.

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM, Act I. Sc. 1.

Ἄρεσκοι—οἱ πάντα πρὸς ἡδονὴν ἐπαινοῦντες, καὶ
 οὐθὲν ἀντιτείνοντες, ἀλλὰ δὴ οἰόμενοι δεῖν ἄλνυτοι τοῖς
 ἐντυγχάνουσιν εἶναι. ETH. IV. 6.

OSRIC. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
 I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAM. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit :
 your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the head.

OSR. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

HAM. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

OSR. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAM. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion——

OSR. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.

HAMLET, Act V. Sc. 2.

Τὸ ἐπαινεῖν παρόντα κολακείας [σημεῖον.]

RHET. II. 6. 8.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon! noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made!

TIMON OF ATHENS, Act II. Sc. 2.

Βωμολόχοι—γλιχόμενοι πάντως τοῦ γελοίου, καὶ
μᾶλλον στοχαζόμενοι τοῦ γέλωτα ποιῆσαι, ἢ τοῦ λέ-
γειν εὐσχήμονα, καὶ μὴ λυπεῖν τὸν σκωπτόμενον.

ETH. IV. 8.

GON. And, do you mark me, sir?—

ALON. Pry'thee, no more : thou dost talk nothing to me.

GON. I do well believe your highness ; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANT. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GON. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you ; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

ANT. What a blow was there again !

SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.

GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

SEB. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GON. No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.

TEMPEST, Act II. Sc. I.

COMMON PLACES.

The Common Places of Aristotle, and other similar portions of the Rhetoric, have, for the most part, but little to do with the passions and manners of men, and are therefore of comparatively small importance when we are regarding the author simply as an observer of human nature. Some of these passages have already been noticed ; and a few other illustrations are here subjoined.

Ἡ ἀντὶ μείζονος κακοῦ ἐλάττονος λήψις—ἀγαθὸν ἐστι.
RHET. I. 6. 5.

GON. Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have cause
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss : our hint of woe
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

TEMPEST, Act II. Sc. 1.

Ἀγαθὰ—τιμὴ, δόξα· καὶ γὰρ ἡδέα καὶ ποιητικὰ
πολλῶν.
RHET. I. 6. 13.

IAGO. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

OTHELLO, Act III. Sc. 3.

Καὶ ὁ οἱ ἐχθροὶ καὶ οἱ φαῦλοι ἐπαινοῦσιν [τοῦτ'
ἀγαθόν.] RHEΤ. I. 6. 24.

ÆNEAS. What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows, that praise, sole pure, tran-
scends.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act I. Sc. 3.

Ὁ οἱ ἀμφισβητοῦντες, ἢ οἱ ἐχθροὶ, αἰροῦνται—μεῖ-
ζον ἀγαθόν. RHEΤ. I. 7. 28.

COMIN. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tri-
bunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts—"We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"

CORIOLANUS, Act I. Sc. 9.

Τὸ αὐτῷ [ἀγαθὸν] [μεῖζον], ἢ ἀπλῶς.

RHET. I. 7. 35.

TIT. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

BOT. [*Fancying himself an ass.*] Truly, a peck of provender ; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TIT. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOT. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas.

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM, Act IV. Sc. 1.

Αἱ περιπέτειαί, καὶ τὸ παρὰ μικρὸν σώζεσθαι ἐκ τῶν
κινδύνων [ἡδέα.]

RHET. I. 11. 24.

OTHEL. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high ; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

OTHELLO, Act II. Sc. 1.

Εἰ τοῖς χείροσιν ἢ ἥττοσιν ἢ ἀφρονεστέροις δυνατόν,
καὶ τοῖς ἐναντίοις μᾶλλον. RHET. II. 19. 14.

EDGAR.

While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.

KING LEAR, Act II. Sc. 3.

Κοινὸς δ' ἀμφοῖν [scil. τῷ διαβάλλοντι καὶ τῷ ἀπο-
λυομένῳ] ὁ τόπος, τὸ σύμβολα λέγειν.

RHET. III. 15. 9.

ANTONY. He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

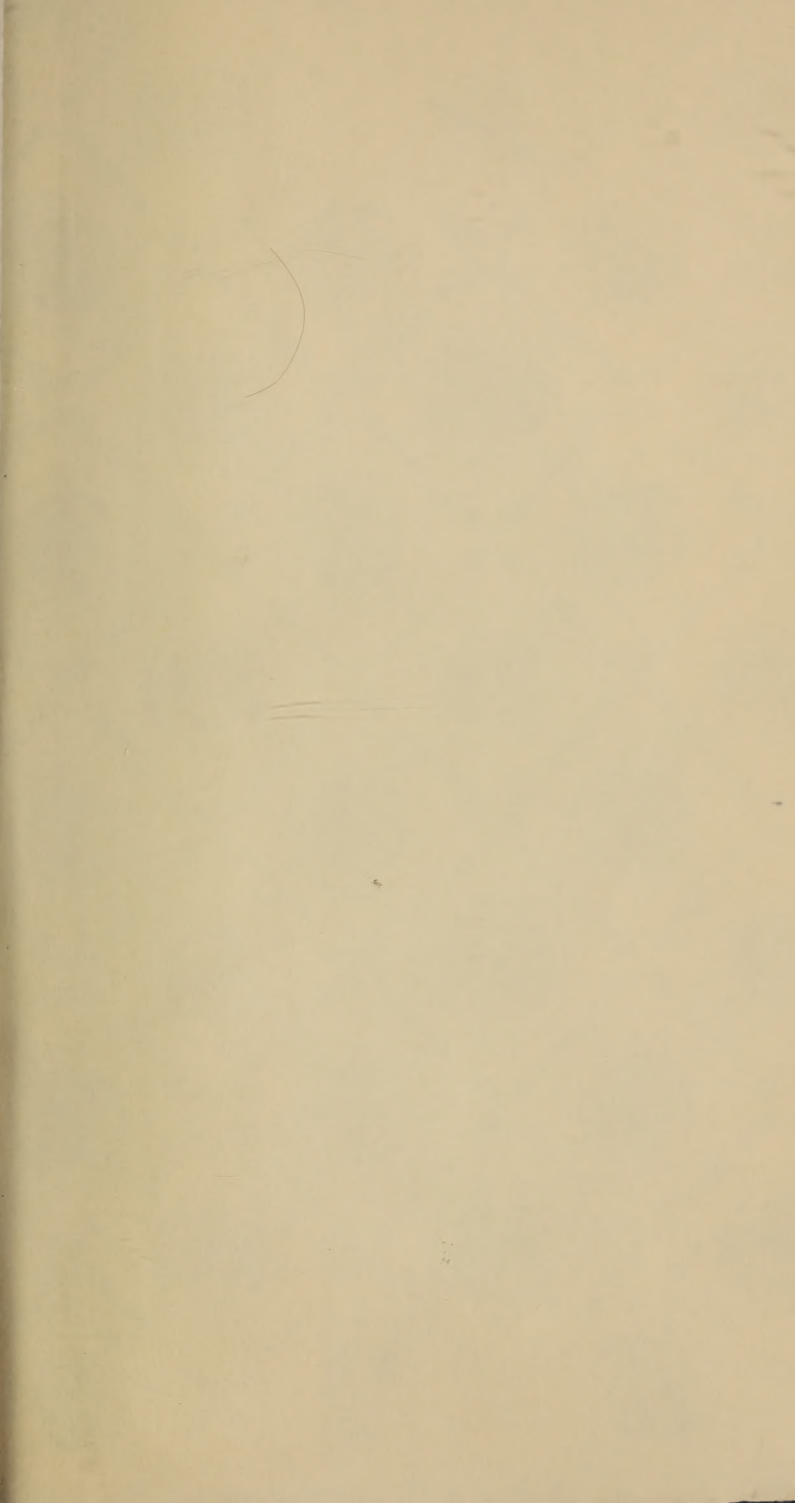
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act III. Sc. 2.

FINIS.

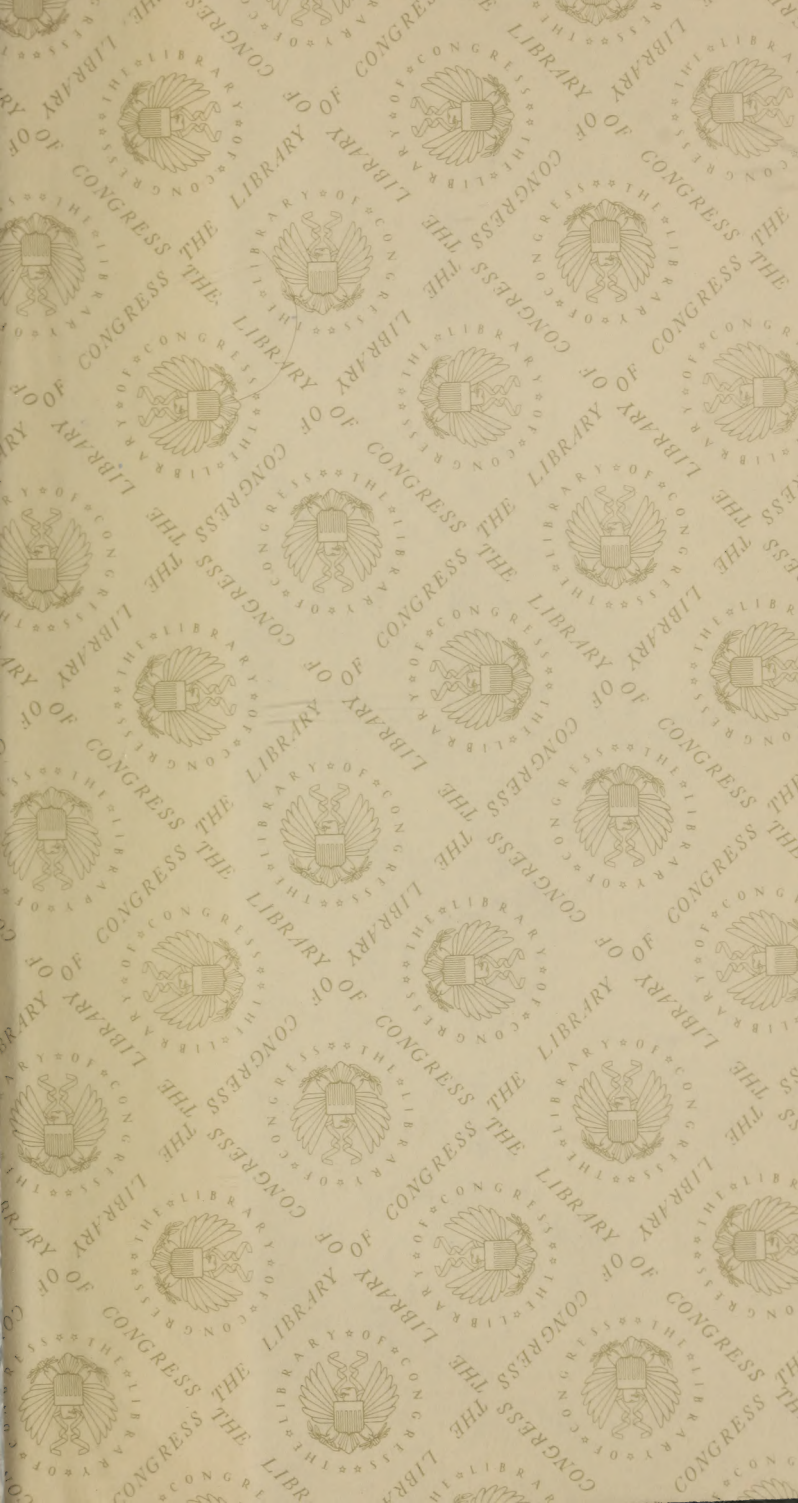


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